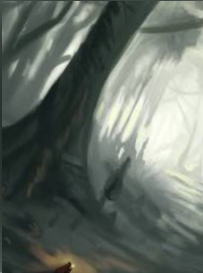




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So I Ran

[fantasy](#) [magic](#)

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Chapter 1 by polarbearshire

I ran, heart pounding, feet bleeding, torn by the shattered glass of It's cage. I didn't know what It was, other than it was large and dangerous and wanted to kill me. I couldn't run much further, couldn't fight. I was a cook for God's sake! I was a cook with a need to explore the caves where we lived, the caves that only a few people would be able to leave in their lifetimes. And that need to explore was going to get me killed. I would die before I was old enough to become a magic user, old enough to carry a sword, old enough to leave the job that I hated and become someone who would be remembered. The forest I ran through would be beautiful in any other circumstance. Petrified trees rose from the cave floor, lit a dull orange from the light of my lantern. The trees were my only hope. I grabbed the lowest branch in the tree to my left. It wasn't particularly tall, but I hoped it would be tall enough. Using all of my strength I pulled myself up, shoved myself in the fork of two branches, and prayed to anyone who might be listening that It couldn't climb.

Chapter 2 by theRANDOM_



Despite my many pleas for help, It began climbing with ease. It was enjoying this game of cat

and mouse. For It saw nothing but food. I had almost given up hope when I had an insane idea. I shuffled along my perch until I was directly above It. I fully stood up and jumped. Fortunately, I made my mark and landed on the ground in front of It. My landing would make It dizzy for a few seconds at least. I ran as fast as I could. I ran and ran. I ran faster and harder than I had ever run before. But then I made a big mistake, I made the mistake of

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looking back to check on It. Had I not looked back I would have seen the tree root that snaked across the path. Suddenly I tripped and fell. My head hit the ground and suddenly everything went spinning. The last thing I remembered was It grabbing my legs and dragging my limp body over the damp earth.

Chapter 3 by Farooq Khan



I dreamt of oceans, rivers, water. I dreamt of water. All sorts of water.

Then I woke from my sleep to a face. An ugly face. Blood dripping from it's eyes, nose and mouth. I hadn't been able to truly see it's face before, but now, I wish I hadn't.

I saw it back up and slowly sit down. As it sat down, I noticed a flask of water beside him. When he sat, he pushed the flask away. Then I realized that the flask was mine.

I wondered about why it confiscated my flask, until it pulled out a rather large blade.

In a flurry of fright, I lunged for my flask. My mother had given it to me and I had wanted it to be on my body when I died.

But in the madness, The monster grabbed my legs and some of the water spilled on it's foot. The foot melted like hot cheese from when I messed up lasagna in the cave.

Then I realized it.

It's weakness was water. The dreams the monster pushing it away, It all made sense.

Then I saw about eighty or so of it's friends emerge from the shadows

Then I said to myself "I'm gonna need a lot more water."

Chapter 4 by Vittoria



It had a hold of my legs. and pulled me up off of the ground. it's gnarling face right in front of me.

Then it dropped me. It was starting to get black all around me again. Nothing but blackness filling the space around me, then

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When I opened my eyes I was in front of me. Her beautiful, long, blonde hair flowing at her sides. She was wearing the dress that she wore to her

business conference. She had took me with her that night. I had walked her inside, I danced with her. We had such a great time.

"Mom? What are you doing here. You can't be here. I saw you... I must be dreaming." Tears started to fill my eyes

"Yes, you are my son. You have to escape this place. There are things you do not know yet. Escape this place, go find the sorcerer named Michael. He will explain everything to you." She smiled at me then began to fade away.

"Mom! Mom don't go!" Then I was awake, my dream, my mom. Did she really come to me?

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